

IN A TIME OF TROUBLE.

As an eagle, from the height, Looking down upon the lands, On forests bright and green, Fair fields and desert sands.

THE MAIN BRIDGE.

It was past midnight—the lights on the stone bridge which crosses the River Main at Frankfort were still burning, though the footsteps of passengers had died away for some time on its pavement, when a young man approached the bridge from the town with hasty strides.

The young man followed him quickly, and laid hold of him. "Sir," said he, "I think you want to drown yourself."

"What is that to you?" "I was only going to ask you to do me the favor to wait a few minutes, and allow me to join you. Let us draw close together, and arm in arm, take the leap together."

"Stop, sir," said he, while his weary eyes tried to examine the features of his companion. "You seem to be too young to leave life in this way; for a man of your years, life must have still bright prospects."

"Bright prospects! In the midst of rottenness and decay, vice and corruption! Come, let us end it!" "For heaven's sake, where is he? Something must have happened here—has he fled away all night?"

"What, sir," said the other, "you have an only daughter sacrificing herself for your sake?" "And with what patience, what sweetness and love, what perseverance! I see her sinking under her toil and her deprivations, and not a word of complaint escapes her pallid lips."

"Refreshed by the viands, the old man began thus: "My history is soon told. I was a mercantile man; but fortune never favored me. I had no money myself, and loved and married a poor girl. I never could begin business on my own account."

a rich heiress, possessed of all fashionable accomplishments. I adored her with enthusiasm, and love, I thought, would repay me for every disappointment. But I soon saw she wished to make me her slave, and yoke all other men beside to her triumphal chariot. I broke the engagement, and selected a poor, but charming girl—a sweet innocent being, as I thought, who would be my life's own angel. Alas! I found her one day bidding adieu, with tears and kisses, to a youth whom she loved. She had accepted me for my wealth only. My peace of mind vanished. I sought diversion in travel. Everywhere I found the same hollowness, the same treachery, the same misery. In short, I became disgusted with life, and resolved to put an end this night to the pitiable farce.

"Give me your address, old man, and permit me to visit your daughter to-morrow. Also give me your word of honor that you will not inform her, or insinuate in any manner, that I am a rich man."

In one of the narrow and ill-lighted streets of Sachsenhausen in an attic of a lofty and unsightly house, sat a blonde, about twenty years of age, busied entirely with her needle. The furniture of the room was clean and tasteful. The girl's whole dress would not have brought her as well as if it had cost hundreds.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but you have my valise." "You are certainly mistaken, madam," the traveler said, courteously but firmly, "this is mine."

"No, sir," the lady replied, "it is mine. I would know it among a thousand. You must not take it." "But the trunk is not mine," the lady insisted, and they came very near quarreling. Presently one of the passengers pointed to a twin valise in the omnibus, and asked:

"What is that?" "It is mine," said the traveler; "it is just like it, but this is mine." "And it isn't mine," said the lady; "he has mine, and I'll have it, or I'll have the law on him. It's a pity if a lady can't travel in this country without being robbed of her property in broad daylight."

"But while we claim that Republican supremacy is necessary to the nation's welfare, while we enter the emphatic declaration that this political strife must go on until we meet a victor, while we stand party opposed to party, at daggers drawn as it were in the assertion of our political principles, it is a pleasure to reflect that we can still meet on one common ground in the affairs of social life."

"What a miracle it would be to feed a multitude upon five loaves of such short weight bread as Toronto bakers sell nowadays. We know of a man, a victim to tobacco, who hasn't tasted food for forty-seven years. The tobacco killed him in 1892."

Running a Newspaper. There was only one newspaper in this town, a semi-weekly. I arrived at the place in the afternoon, and it was dark before I gave up looking for a piano. I had not visited the newspaper office and did not intend to do so until the next day. But after supper I learned that the paper was a semi-weekly and would be issued next day.

The employees explained that he was the editor and proprietor. He had been drinking for two or three days and had undertaken to sober himself up that afternoon, to write his editorials, by drinking whisky and seltzer. His effort at sobriety had been attended with the result that he presumed in his person. Generally speaking, he was a theorist, but occasionally fell into temptation. This was one of his periodical departures from the path of sobriety.

"What are the politics of the paper?" "Republican," was the answer. "All right," said I, "you can take your sticks. I will write some editorials. But first I will give you my advertisement. Let that be set up first. It must go into this issue. Don't be afraid; I'll get out the paper."

"I took off my coat and sat down at the editor's desk. The work was not new to me. I headed my first editorial "The Advantages of Musical Culture." Under the heading I set forth the teachings of musical education as could well be said in half a column, of space, brevity type, and closed by saying:

"In this connection it gives us pleasure to state that our citizens will soon have an opportunity of observing the wonderful strides we have taken in musical culture within a decade. A glance at the displayed advertisement on our inside will recall the pleasant memories of the past and excite joyous anticipations of the future. It is a demand among us again—the great—the prince of violinists! Coming again! The Jupiter of the musical firmament! attended by a galaxy of stars of the first magnitude. Shall he have a welcome? Shall he be met by a large demand in our midst? Will he be met by a large demand in our midst? Will he be met by a large demand in our midst?"

My third editorial was entitled "Music in the Home." My remarks on this subject had reference to the influence of music in promoting harmony in the family circle. I also gave this a neat turn in a closing paragraph bringing in the name of the company, while, at the same time, it took a little of the rough edge off the editorial itself; without in the least weakening its Republicanism.

A GENERAL FELLOW'S DEATH.—Some of my readers who have had the entry to artistic and high class Bohemia in London will remember a square headed and bright young man, who was to be met with at many convivial houses. He was the eldest son of Hepworth Dixon, and a godson of Douglas Jerrold, after whom he was christened Jerrold. A few weeks ago he came rushing into my house in his hopeful, sanguine way to say "Good-bye, old fellow. I'm off to Dublin by the night mail." He had been appointed Secretary to the Dublin Sanitary Commission. A week ago I heard that he was going well and making his way to the hearts of some of the leaders of society in the Irish Capital. Recently I saw a telegram announcing his death. The Commission had completed its work a very short time afterward. Young Dixon (he was 31 years old) had posted up his work. He was not quite well. He died before any member of his family could get over to see him. He was a genial and pleasant fellow, and his death is much lamented among a large circle of other genial and pleasant fellows. Though a barrister by profession he preferred to walk in the hard and thorny paths of literature and journalism. He wrote occasionally for the Examiner, contributed several lively stories to Belgravia and the Theatre, and for a little while contributed a London letter to a New York evening paper. One of his comedies was produced at the Opera Comique, and he collaborated with the late John Hawthorne, written an unacted comedy. He was one of the contributors to Dicken's Dictionary of London, and his highest ambition lately has been to make a tour through the United States. —Paris Corr. N. Y. Times.

We are about to divulge to an honest people, and to our delinquent subscribers, a fact, perhaps somewhat startling to the majority of readers, which contains the ingredients of truth and poetry—with the latter in the minority.

Perfumes and Girls. A remarkable scientific discovery is alleged to have been made by the eminent scientific person, Dr. Piero Fabris of Venice. Dr. Fabris was preparing an exhaustive work on "The Function of Perfumes in Flowers" when the thought occurred to him: Are not all our impulses due to the influence of perfumes? It is not possible to make the human nose the greatest influence of education? This thought led to the long series of careful experiments which finally enabled him to formulate rules for the production of female character at will.

Dr. Fabris's experiments were made with the aid of seventy-eight girls of between ten and fifteen years of age. These girls he divided into six classes. Each class was kept day and night in an atmosphere steeped in some particular perfume. The effect of these scientific perfumes were carefully studied, and the result is really startling.

The girls of the rose class grew thin, abnormally neat, excessively prudish and decidedly unamiable. A curious unwillingness to tell the truth was developed in twelve of the thirteen girls subjected to this experiment, a result which was the more remarkable since, in other respects, they were unusually strict in obeying the teachings of the church. For this style of girls there is, of course, little or no demand, except in those parts of New England where every girl is expected to become a school teacher.

Geranium was found to produce a fair sample of a girl. Those subjected to its influence developed the plumpness of the musk girls, a decidedly independent spirit, and a tendency to free thinking in matters of religion. This kind of girl would probably meet a large demand in our Western and Northwestern States, where personal beauty and strength of character are much prized, and where orthodoxy in religion is not regarded as essential. Dr. Fabris is inclined to think that by the alternate action of geranium and violet modified girl might be produced, would be a decided improvement upon either a pure geranium or a pure violet girl.

Very satisfactory results were obtained by the use of musk. The girls upon whom this perfume was employed became gentle and truthful. They also, however, developed some indications of melancholy, and were as a rule, lacking in physical and moral force. So far as our doctor's investigations have been pushed, violet appears to give the best results. It is hoped that his expectations as to the alternative use of violet and geranium will be justified; for in that case we shall be able to produce girls who will be almost perfect.

Snake stories should not generally be credited unless she name and residence of the snake be given. The world never knows the great respect lawyers have for each other, until one dies and there is a meeting of the bar. An Irishman describes a savings bank as a place where you can put your money in to-day, and get it out to-morrow; by giving thirty day's notice.

When a boy becomes ashamed to sit in his mother's lap, he is generally in business for himself—holding some one in his lap. In some cities, where the blue ribbon does not prevail over much, the other side of the soda fountain does the most business. "A tail that toiled," remarked the gatekeeper when he caught a horse by the conclusion while he made the rider pay the fare.

"No more" is a sweeping angel; "too late" is a mocking fiend. Borrow is the concomitant of the one, remorse that of the other. Parch brown a tablespoonful of rice; put into a cup of cold water and let it come to a boil; sweeten a little. We see no excuse for having let the race called sharp-shooters die out. There are still book agents in the land. These are the evenings for courting strolls.—Yonkers Statesman. Better for courting girls. We've noticed that it's most always the aggressor in a dog fight who gets licked, and it's a good deal so with men. Show us the man who hasn't indulged in a picnic. We want to shake hands with him as a gorgeous exception to the general rule, and kill him. A young man who lost a bet of the oysters with three of his friends, said he wouldn't pay unless he was four stew.

How doth the busy bee? Oh, well as can be expected under the circumstances. Why he just smashed him for folding his interesting tail, ding bat him. In Candahar, when a young woman becomes sweet on a young man she sends him a hairpin, meaning, "that is the kind of a hairpin I am." If the young man is like Barkis, he pins a handkerchief to his cap with the hairpin, signifying, "You can bet your sweet life I am on it worse than an Injun." This amounts to an engagement and a notification to all the folks of the fact, and then they get married. This plain and simple way of doing the business, saves a deal of swinging on the gates, burning kerosene oil of nights, buying ice-cream, and standing off the liverman for buggies.

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